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REV. FRANCIS A. GAFFNEY, O.P.

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To

Dr. Jno. J. Shea.

SONNETS AND OTHER VERSES

Appreciation

of

The Author.

Sincerely Yours in St. Dominic,
F. A. Gaffney. O.P.

SONNETS
AND OTHER VERSES

BY

REV. FRANCIS A. GAFFNEY, O.P.

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MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

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TO THE MEMORY OF

MY PARENTS

Cum permissu superiorum

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SONNETS

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

THE HOLY NAME

"For there is no other name under Heaven given to men whereby we must be saved."—Acts iv, 12.

WHEN God his covenant with Noe sealed,
From out His wondrous hand sprang Iris fair;
And, soaring gracefully through sky and air
Compassion and Divinity revealed.
Then Calvary did saving-waters yield;
Earth smiled anew, (for God made man His heir);
A rainbow gleamed—His name—of all, most rare;
A sign: The law, our God, for us repealed.
O Jesus, may Thy Name upon our hearts
Be graven deep by love and penitence;
Its sound be to our ears a music sweet;
O let us share the blessings it imparts;
A light, dispelling sin's dark night and dense,
A lamp to guide us to Thy Sacred Feet.

ST. DOMINIC

Paraphrase of the Antiphon, "O Lumen" sung in second Vespers of the Feast, August 4th, and sung daily in Compline.

O MYSTIC LIGHT of Spouse of Christ, dispel
The dunnest clouds of envy and of hate
'Gainst Truth, to which thy soul is dedicate,
As Teacher. Errors rife O swift repel.
The tumults of our passions dire e'er quell,
O Blessed rose of patience! Consecrate
So highly is thy soul—O Blessed Fate—
Its iv'ry chastity ne'er aught befel.
Deep draughts didst thou from Wisdom's sacred fount
Draw freely for thy weaklings. Gratitude
Profound we tender thee in earnest prayer.
Confirm our strength to scale the Holy Mount
And with the Saints to share Beatitude,
O Thou Apostle blest of grace most rare.

AT THE TOMB OF SAINT DOMINIC

BOLOGNA vaunts that lovely sculptured tomb
Where Calaroga's sainted scion sleeps;
Whilst white-robed sentry loving vigil keeps,
And chaunts: "O Lumen"—burst this darkling gloom!
Like alabaster vase with rich perfume,
Thy tomb, with love, thy children's hearts, e'er steeps;
Our forms, like golden grain which wind swift sweeps,
Bend low to it, as its fair outlines loom.

O Ebur Castitatis, clothe my soul
In garments chaste, from house of ivory,
With stacte, cassia and myrrh perfumed.*
To thee, my grave shall be, memorial-mole,
Whence, "weak one rises now in power," to be
On Resurrection-morn, to heaven, assumed.

*Psalm 44, v. 9.

THE CONTEMPLATIVE

LIKE sunbeam glinting glacier and the snow,
My soul to contemplation chaste doth steal,
While from its depths there wells this sad appeal:
Eclipse of sin, God grant, I may not know.
Transcending Libanus, in flights, I go,
And Tabor's glory, Christ, may oft reveal;
Yet conscience cries: Through visions rare and real
May all be thine! Fell Satan lurks below.
When through my casement comes the grind of mills,
And smoke envelops vista of green sward;
When life seems drear and dank from evil's blight,
Then music from "the everlasting hills,"
Comes to my cherished cell in cheering chord,
Which speedily attunes my soul aright.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

ALHAMBRA with its storied ruins rare,
And blooms revealing tropic's torrid glow,
Beholds Sierra with its peak of snow
Perpetual, like Arctic-floe in air.
When rulers revelled 'neath the castle's glare,
The quired spheres soughed round the mount:
"Forego!"
Though royalty now rots in crypts below,
That vestal-peak still stands in white. And there

I think of Mary. When fell sin betrayed
The primal pair, like Lebanon, stood she,
With crown of glistening snow, like jewels rare;
In vesture of the Godhead, undismayed,
The Virgin Priestess vigil keeps, whilst we
Do cry: O Queen, Thou only art all fair!

PRAYER FOR PEACE

O GOD of Armies, God Omnipotent,
The widow's wail, the plaint of orphans, hear!
Soothe dying sons, no touch or voice is near,
Save wing and screech of vulture, all intent.
With low of starving kine the air is rent;
Our hearthstones are laid low; and bloody weir
Of man and brute doth poison waters clear;
Grain rots, since scythe to murderous sword is bent.

O Thou, Whose birth was told by Angels' song
Proclaiming gift of peace on earth to men;
Quick, dry our tears; bid clash and clangor cease!
Like Herod, war the innocents doth wrong;
For them and us, the roof-tree lift again
God, born of woman, give thy women peace!

OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY

The Lord hath blessed Thee by His power, because by Thee He hath brought our enemies to naught.—Judith xiii, 23.

LEPANTO marks the spot of victory,
O'er crescent cruel and strong, by forces weak,
Of hallowed cross; of which, "if sign you seek,"
'Tis not of man but a Divinity.
The white-robed Pius Fifth the Rosary
Uplifted like the rod of Moses, meek;
Whilst Ottomans on Christians wrath would
wreak.
And, as of old, engulfed them in the sea.

O Lady of the Rosary today,
Thy clients all beseech thee, hear their prayer,
And beg the Christ Who raging storms did quell,
Bid warring nations cease their bloody fray;
His power and thine honor, we declare,
O Thou All-Fair, thou joy of Israel.

A PRIEST'S THANKSGIVING

O HEART Divine Whose mercy depths profound
Have won for us "the pearl above all cost"!
The searchings of our hearts for aye are lost
In efforts Thy infinitude to sound.
Thy love—it knows no limit, yea, nor bound;
It rescued those on sin's wild waters tossed;
Yea, Thou, with Truth sublime, to world canst boast
Than Thine, no greater love can e'er be found.
O Heart of Jesus! e'er Thy priest befriend,
And blessings manifold to me impart,
And as thou didst Thy own beloved John,
My stewardship reward at life's drear end
With grace, to feel the beatings of Thy Heart
And e'er Thy Sacred Breast to rest upon.

ST. PATRICK

APOSTLE, patron Saint of Innisfail!
Akin to Moses, leader of the clans
Of God's own people, with uplifted hands
Obtain swift vict'ry for the struggling Gael!
In Erin quench the heathen fires of Baal.
Implore the God of might that Celtic bands
May thrall of tyrant base and his commands
O'erthrow, and with thy love Hibernia e'er regale.
Thine are our swelling hearts and thine our praise,
And thine the gleaming isle of emerald sheen
Where faith ne'er dies nor dastard craven lives.
Oh be thou comforter! that hours and days,
And years of woe may change to cycles, e'en
Of fullest joy, that Christ-like suffering gives.

THE DEAD PONTIFF

I have laid help upon one that is mighty, and have exalted one chosen out of my people.—Psalm 88.

THE lowly Vicar of the Prince of Peace,
Who daily gave us manna for our food,
"His brother's keeper," kind, on Sorrow's Rood,
Transfixed by warring nations, begged surcease
Of agony of soul. Death gave release.
From golden dome of Venice, lo, a brood
Of circling doves soar high with light indued,
While Angels call: Thy pace, Pio, increase.
O, Ignis Ardens!* darkling doubts dispel,
And in our souls spread charity aglow;
Like Pentecostal flame, doubt's chaff consume.
Thy name shall wreathe our hearts with immortelle.
Beg Christ send peace to clashing clans below
And with His light, our paths to heaven illume.

*Name given Pius X in prophecy of St. Malachy.

AFTER A SOJOURN IN SPAIN

O HAPPY Spain! Thou art a beauteous queen;
With coronet of proud Sierra's snow.
Thy cheeks reflect the Andalusian glow,
In olive-tunic royal is thy mien.
Acacias lend thy paths a wondrous sheen;
Ambrosias rare from rarer vintage flow:
I seek the charm that makes me care forego,
And find it mirrored in thy skies serene.
Alhambra and Alcazar, each a spell
Of fancy weaves around me like an elf;
Thy ruins draw me in their mystic maze;
Their beauty none but bard sublime can tell.
All treasure-trove of travel seems but pelf
As now on thee in retrospect I gaze.

AN INSPIRATION

Suggested by the receipt of some roses from the grave of Rev. Abram J. Ryan, Mobile, Alabama

WITHIN the precincts of an earthly fane
There bloomed these choicest florets fresh and fair,
Like faithful priests, the altar-high their care,
Which safe enshrines that soul whom death had slain.
To heights Parnassian oft the muse did deign
To lead him. Patriot he was most rare.
Elias-like, he brought by fervent prayer
To fainting souls contrition's welcome rain.
Sublime your message, O ye precious shoots!
Like starlit skies ye mark a heavenly place
Where he now rests, who yearned for mystic-feast;
Your parent-tree embedding deep its roots,
Embosoms and entwines in sweet embrace,
The silent heart of the Southland's poet-priest!

A WEDDING GIFT

Dedicated to
Mr. and Mrs. James J. Condon

A RETROSPECT of five-and-twenty years,
Since first God linked by holy marriage tie
Your hearts. How flecked with silver sheen the sky,
Your vista bright, as viewed through smiles and tears.
Today, O loyal spouses, chums, compeers,
Your children dear and sterling friends espy
An aura rare, reflecting radiantly
Affection's well-spring bursting all its weirs.
When wedding-garment must give place to shroud,
Then may the Christ Who robbed death of its sting,
Regard you each as his espoused, most dear;
And trysting-place, dread Tabor with its cloud.
With souls transfigured, may you blithely sing:
"'Tis good, O Lord, to be forever here."

TO A FAITHFUL FRIEND

THE ivy doth with tendrils all entwine
The oak, and thus its sturdy form bedight,
And though fell storm the forest's monarch smite,
The faithful vine, its corse will still enshrine.
And sterling friendship, which is mine and thine
Around the yew-tree thus has grown aright,
Its leaves perennial, scorning Time's sad blight,
Cling closer, as its boughs to earth incline.
A seraph sang of a fair Sister's Song:
"Whatever singing-robe thou wear, has (well)
The Paradisal air;"* And so I sing of thee.
With gladsome notes of poesy prolong
Our joys. May angel-choirs of thee then tell:
A friend beloved, God-made, eternally.

* Francis Thompson.

ON THE OCEAN

THE spheres revolve in sweetest harmony,
And thus the beauty of their God reveal;
And thou, O ocean vast, dost make us feel
The wondrous force of a divinity.
As from an organ when rich melody
'Neath master's hand in glad response doth peal,
So in my soul serene sweet sounds swift steal,
Elicited by touch of God, from thee.
Thy emerald depths, thy undulations flecked,
Thy fitful moods, entrancing seem to me:
But flotsam, yea, and jetsam, too, float by.
O God, let not my craft of life be wrecked,
From shoals and shallows do thou keep it free,
And Pilot be through all eternity.

A MASTER MUSICIAN

WHEN thou with master-stroke, on organ keys,
Anon thy talents rare dost exercise;
Levitical, as I sing Sacrifice,
To ask of God His anger to appease
Each day. Thy music then my soul doth seize,
Reproaching me for failing to apprize
Beyond all cost that home above the skies,
O'erladen with delights. On suppliant knees
Unlabored, yea, and fervent, is my prayer
That reaches e'en to Throne Most High for thee:
Emendatory be thy daily acts!
Let all thy deeds be as thy talents, rare!
Long-lived thy joys, thy life a melody!
Embracement then from God. Eterne thy pax!

A NOCTURNE

AS Prospero, when calling Ariel
To mystic realm, his magic wand would seize;
So thou, by wizard-touch on organ keys
Dost seraph-forms of harmony compel
To gladden earth; their cadences foretell
Of that blest Home in which the just man sees
The Vision Beautiful. Thy notes thus please
My soul, and from it dread despond dispel.
O may'st Thou feel the touch of Hand Divine,
Which oft agone did cleanse the leper's wound,
And may He e'er His grace to thee impart.
Celestial harmony eterne be thine,
And cherub-choirs thy soul fore'er surround,
Reflecting there thy skill in Angel's art.

IN MEMORIAM

Of the Very Reverend P. V. Hartigan, O.P.

FAREWELL! dear friend, thou wert the truest one!
Ah, much for thee my saddened heart doth pine,
'Twas sweet to know a soul enriched as thine.
How soon and swift thy noble race was run!
Eterne thy joys, thou Dominic's worthy son.
Resplendent may thy soul so pure now shine.
Heart-dear be thou to Christ, the Priest Divine,
And may'st thou hear the cheering words: "Well done!"
Reviewing now thy stewardship fulfilled,
The pages in the holiest deeds abound.
I read them, and they oft my strength renew.
God grant that when my vineyard I have tilled,
Among the just with thee I may be found,
Nigh Jesus, ne'er to say again, adieu.

A NUPTIAL ACROSTIC

BEDIGHTED be your souls with grace divine!
Long-lived your joys; your sorrows brief and few.
And may the love which daily you renew,
No test e'er need its merits to refine.
Contentment, bliss, peace, best of gifts benign!
Heart-deep is this, my wish, inscribed for you,
And may each day new joys for each accrue;
New friends be yours, as thus your years decline.
Dear twain, 'tis mine to Horeb's Mount ascend,
Each day in offering Holy Sacrifice,
Directing there a prayer for friends so true.
When prayerfully to Christ the knee I bend
In impetration sweet will orisons arise:
Nigh Throne Most High be yours the guerdon due!

A NUPTIAL GREETING

For Mr. and Mrs. M. J. McCormack

JEANNETTE and Michael: Read, oh happy twain,
The greeting of a friend in simple verse:
O may your choice—"For better or for worse"—
Bring peace eternal in fair love's domain.
And may the sun of bliss for you ne'er wane,
Dispelling e'er the clouds of sorrow's curse.
Pure as the linen which the altar burse
Enfolds, so be the love your hearts contain.
My earnest prayer in Holy Sacrifice
Is, that your home may rank as one ideal,
E'en as the Holy One at Nazareth!
May Jesus, Mary, Joseph, you apprise
Of Satan's wiles; and may it be your weal
To hear them chant your lullaby of death.

JEANNETTE MARIE

To the first born of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. McCormack

JUDEAN Hills with gladsome notes did ring,
Emmanuel for us became a child,
And to the Mother chaste, and father mild,
Naught else but joy the Babe Divine did bring.
No clime but Heaven's—O Thou cherubic thing—
Exuberates such blooms. For Thee God smiled
That Thou shouldst change a desert drear and wild
To Paradise. To Thee love's tendrils cling.
Emancipated from the thralls of sin
May'st thou through her "Who is all fair,"
Attain to heights which Libanus transcend!
Revealing thus thy beauty from within.
Implore thy King, as Esther fair, to spare
Each next of kin, and Christ will us befriend.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

Dedicated to Dr. S. J. Ferris, Newark, N. J.

DIVINE and gracious, O that sympathy
Of Christ, Who as the Good Samaritan,
Came down to earth to heal poor sinful man
That he might dwell with God eternally.
O blind and deaf, O lepers poor! How ye
Rejected were by every earthly clan
So long! Then Christ, His work Divine began,
Joint-heir with you in pain and misery.
For all thy efforts to alleviate,
Each day some pain and cure some malady,
Remember that the Pure and Holy One
Recounts them all, and thee will compensate.
If priestly prayers prevail, then Christ of thee
Shall say the cheering words, O son, well done!

THE DEAD PRIEST

In Memory of Father Tom Hennesey, Houston, Texas

WHEN came the gleaner, garnering sheaves of years,
Which sadly marked the wake of death's fell scythe;
He found them firmly bound with love's own withe,
Their blades all topped with golden, teeming ears.
Within the fane was sacrifice of tears,
And round his bier, God's poor, by grief paid tithe.
To lay his sacred form (in life how blithe)
In hallowed grave, all creeds erased their meers.
O Blessed Lord, when Thou his soul didst call,
To ask, what care was his, of talents Thine;
Like man of God, he cried: Behold, I come.
For fifty years of priesthood, Lord, my all,
My labors were, that men Thy love divine
Should know. O bid me welcome home!

TO DOCTOR J. ALLEN KYLE

HOW like unto the Hand Divine, is thine,
Which ne'er was lifted save to banish pain;
Which made the leper-outcast whole again,
And for the blind caused cheering light to shine.
God led thee kindly 'thwart this path of mine,
When heights of health, to conquer, seemed in vain;
And lo! thy skill swift helped me to attain
And vistas bright made earth with heaven combine.
Now for all this what shall the Soggarth do?
As scrivener, by pen, reveals a thought,
So will this verse unveil a grateful heart.
O may the "Beauty Ancient ever New"
With rarest blessings, make thy life be fraught,
And give to thee and thine the better part.

GETHSEMANE GLADDENED

Dedicated to the Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate Word, St. Joseph's Infirmary, Houston, Texas

TO comfort Christ in agony, we read
An Angel came and soothed Him lovingly.
That I should tread the lone Gethsemane
Our Lord, in holy Wisdom, well decreed.
Divine compassion props the weakling reed.
"O God!" I cried, "send comforter to me!"
The Word Incarnate ("Te Deum" to Thee)
Seraphic Sisters sent—a boon indeed.
True Spouses of your Christ, the Soggarth prays
That "Amor Meus"—here will ever rouse
Your flagging spirits, till He calls to rest.
There may you dwell with Him till length of days,
In raiment white, and graven on your brows
The words: "Et Verbum caro factum est!"

DOMINIC'S SENTRY

An Acrostic written for the Silver Priestly Jubilee of Very Rev. L. F. Kearney, O.P., S.T.M.

1883-1908

DIVINE the largess of the natal-morn
Of her who was Omnipotence to bear,
Majestic maiden—Mother, who all fair
Imparadised this orb, so long forlorn.
No gift like peace, and thou to us hast borne
It, silver-pinioned, through dun clouds of care;
Composite grand, of lore and virtue rare,
Sublimely hast thou robe of Aaron worn.

Secure for him, O Queen Immaculate,
Enfoldment in thy wimpled robe of grace,
Nigh sainted Dominic, thy favored one,
That when his labors Christ will contemplate,
Recounting all, his name in gold will trace:
Yea, more, and supplement it with: Well done!

A SOGGARTH'S BLESSING

DIVINITY, enclothed with human weeds,
Once walked the earth, enabling man to see
Combined with sweet compassion, charity,
The Bread of Life supplying all his needs.
O God! How merciful Thy many deeds:
Restoring life and sight so wondrously;
Joy swift imparting to the sinner's plea;
Juridical, yet lavish in Thy meeds.
O may our Christ, the Good Samaritan,
His consolation and His balm Divine
Now give to thee, whose skill has "made me whole."
Successful be thy work for fellow-man;
Omnipotence impart to thee and thine—
No gift so rare—eternal peace of soul.

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

A MEMENTO

"FAST knit to Christ"—in suffering and pain,
And resignation to His Will Divine;
The death recorded of the just, was thine.
How long thy service garnering the gain
Eternal. Oft the Angel's glad refrain
Resounded, as the sinner husks of swine
Refused, for gifts, like fruits of Holy Vine
Bestowed by thee in oratory's vein.
Loved priest of God and Dominic's dear son!
O may thy meed be made to his akin,
Of all that followed Christ, the most beloved.
May guardian angel write of thee, well done:
Eternal be thy rest from care and sin,
Reclining on the Heart which mercy moved.

IN MEMORIAM

SISTER M. DOMINIC, O. S. D.

"Not dead, but sleeping."
—Matt. ix.

NOT dead, but sleeping, and He took her hand,
The maid arose, though mourned as dead by all;
The fame of Christ, Who lifted high death's pall,
Was quickly heralded through all that land.
From Sister dear did dreaded death demand
His penalty, and quick did her enthrall:
When Jesus came, and O how sweet His call,
Who said: Arise, with confidence now stand.
O Holy Founder, aid thy namesake now,
Whose rosary of years, two decades—yea
And more, for thy dear cause, were all well told.
Implore our Lord, from Purgatorial slough
To draw her. Then, O plead, in white array,
Nigh thee, thus may she stand in Christ's own fold.

AN ANNIVERSARY

To Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Fitzpatrick

MAY larder full of choicest meats and cheer,
And table laden o'er with fruits and wine,
Requite your hospitality benign.
Good-fellowship and friendship strong be near,
And may no enemy with caustic wit severe
Replace the names so high and fairly won,
Endeavoring to leave as evil one—
The scar that comes when sland'rous irons sear.
And when the course of life is fully run
No longer shall we sit with those we love,
Divine the privilege for which we'll yearn,
That through the love of God's Begotten One—
At banquet in the realms of Heaven above
Delighted shall we be with food eterne.

TO SISTER VERONICA, O. S. D.

SHE saw, amidst her blinding tears, His Face,
Its features, once so fair, now bruised and torn,
She grieved to find that Jesus was so lorn,
Then gave her veil to help Him to erase
Each stain of sinful sorrow and disgrace.
Resplendent now, the veil, which thou hast worn,
Veronica: that Face which made thee mourn
Emblazes it; each feature thou canst trace.
Resembling her whose name thou well dost bear,
Oblate of Christ, with Dominic's holy veil;
None other than this joy be thy reward:
Imprinted on each act, with loving care,
Christ's comeliness Oh be! (lest thou shouldst fail),
And hear the words: Well done, from Christ, the Lord.

CHRISTMAS WISH

To Pupils of St. Agnes' Academy, Houston, Texas

A BLESSED Christmas was that one of old,
When first the Christ brought men the gift of peace
In lowly Bethlehem and gave surcease
Of sorrow; and the story angels told.
Tonight you lovingly our hearts enfold,
From thrall of care your glad notes us release;
Sweet peace and happiness you thus increase,
Religious-like, you help us Christ behold.
To pupil, parent, patron and to nun;
A blessing each of peace and happiness;
Thrice happy for you, be the blithesome yule.
And when the student's task in life is done,
O may the Baby-Christ then suffer her caress
And virtues bless she learned in convent school.

MT. ST. MARY'S, PLAINFIELD

An Impression in Winter

I SEE thee stand like High-Priest on the Mount
While snow, like manna mantles all the ground,
And convent-bells their gladsome notes do sound,
As thou to heaven uplifts thy holy frount—
Faith as from fire of Pentecostal-fount
Doth glow within in souls with chrismals bound,
And innocents are taught fell Satan to confound
By vestals who dear Mary's beads there count.
May Catherine McAuley's blessed name
Be echoed oft in Mount Saint Mary's halls!
And may our Lady of Misericord
Enkindle in her nuns sweet mercy's flame!
An arras may they weave to grace heaven's walls,
Alumnæ, they shall lead to Christ, the Lord.

FELICITATIONS

to

The Rt. Rev. N. A. Gallagher, D.D.

on

the Thirty-third Anniversary of his Consecration as Bishop

THE years of Christ, you have fulfilled today,
As pastor true and shepherd always meek;
Like Him, your labors were the lost to seek,
His Word you spoke and courage checked dismay.
A blessed fruitage burgeoned on your way,
Which Christ-like sacrifice did oft bespeak;
Your mind, care-burthened low, but soul, ne'er weak;
God blessed us with you, Bishop dear, and may
He e'er sustain, when you the wine-press tread,
And of your diocese make vineyard rare,
And apostolic laborers supply!
The countless souls, which you to Christ have led,
At judgment will repeat this grateful prayer:
Like the Beloved may you to Christ be nigh.

A PHANTASY

Dedicated to Mrs. Ann Giraud

OUR Lady's clients of Mount Carmel fair,
Who heard thee on her feast, intone:
O Salutaris Hostia, nigh throne
Of seraphs stood, so ravishing that air!
In Nazareth sang Mary thus, and care
Fled Christ Who loved that Voice, His Mother's own;
"Da robur": Thou didst ask the Lord condone
Our sins; we wept, and laid our burthen there.
O chant my "Nunc Dimittis," gifted one!
And help me courage feel at death's drear hour,
Such sounds will soothe my troubled soul with calm.
Console thy singer when her toil is done,
O Lady of Mount Carmel, with thy power,
And mercy beg from Christ to be her balm.

THE SINGER SILENT

In memory of Mrs. J. O. Carr

LIKE vestal priestess feeding sacred fire,
Thy voice and virtue made the light to shine,
Enabling mortals trace the power divine
Which did such deeds, sublime as thine, inspire.
How oft with joy to Him thy heart's desire,
Thy "Credo" thou didst sing, and thus refine
The dross of trials revealing faith like thine,
In guise of gift, well-recked, above all hire.

Dear Lord, for her who often begged relief
For suffering souls, with "Requiem," so sweet,
Let angel choirs ope Purgatorian gate,
And quick decree this meed for her belief—
Thy Mother send this mother dear to greet,
And Thou, with joys eterne, her soul e'er sate.

AN ACROSTIC

Dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Radel

FROM out earth's bondage burgeon roses fair,
Released by sun of June with genial ray,
And hue and scent suggest a roundelay,
Not minor in its chords, but major, rare.
Kind friends, may nuptials sown with Church's care
A joyous floret bloom. And thus you may
Naught else but benison of God display,
Diffused like attar sweet in summer air.

Regina Angelorum, O incline
Each day Thine ear to this, Thy youthful twain!
Give Cana's joy, when sorrow's tears shall flow,
Invoking Christ to change to joyful wine.
Nor cease to plead till they and theirs shall reign
At throne of God, eternal joy to know.

THE BREAD OF LIFE

"Behold thou hast taught many and thou hast strengthened the weary hands; Thy words have confirmed them that were staggering and Thou hast strengthened the trembling knees."—Job iv, 3-4.

THE millions Thou hast taught to love, dear Lord,
'Neath sacramental veil, Emmanuel
The weary hands, which Thou hast strengthened well,
Bring all the gifts which grateful hearts accord.
Thy words: Son, taste and see how sweet My board;
Those staggering from sin doth quick impel,
To eat the Manna which from the Heaven fell,
And strength to trembling knees doth swift afford.
With sainted son of Aquin, Lord, I cry:
O Salutaria Hostia, my soul,
Now snatch from sinful vortex, and e'er feed
It famishing with Thee! And when I die,
Divine Viaticum, thy priest console,
Who many taught Thy Eucharistic creed.

A MEMORY

Dedicated to Mr. James Drummond, after his rendition of original musical setting to my reading of The Hound of Heaven.

A MIRACLE of melody was thine!
For once, "failed not the lute, the lutanist."
Thy song was sweet as lovers keeping tryst,
Thou made of Thompson's verse, a thing divine.
Such skill was thine as did the stars align,
And brought to hand the offing and the mist;
Thou swung the spheres, like "trinket on the wrist,"
And shaped the poem to infinite design.

O may that Voice, dear friend, for thee e'er "beat
More instant than His Feet," fatigued, with thee!
Thy soul then cheer when it shall be distraught.
And may the Hound of Heaven, with love defeat
Thy soul eluding Him, unwittingly,
And place thee high, 'mongst all the spoils He caught.

MOTHER M. XAVIER

ATHWART the starry-studded Summer sky,
Leaped meteor and lightning-like did trace
A trail of fervid fire, which wreathed earth's face
With light, whilst planets psalmed exultingly.
Thy star leaped lambently when Christ came nigh
To call thee home, and He its wake did trace
With rays divine to guide thine own apace,
Who wistful wait, to gleam, like thee, on high.

O sainted mother, who didst bear the name
Of Xavier holy, synonym of zeal,
Beseech the Master, make thy daughters, each,
Apostle ardent, kindling e'er the flame
Of charity, and thus win souls to weal,
As thou in blessed deeds, didst ever teach.

MOTHER M. CECILIA

MADONNA-like seemed that Assumption day
On which we saw dear Xavier's mantle fall
Triumphantly on thee; one doth recall
How Enoch walked with God in such array.
Each patron saint of Sisters dear did pray
Requesting aidance from the Queen of all;
Magnificat was sung in Heaven's hall,
Cecilia's chant charmed Christ her client's way.
Each day to martyrdom shalt thou attest,
Commend thine own to patroness so brave
Invest thine household with her courage strong
Like her at judgment shalt thou stand confessed
In truth, a saint for souls which thou wilt save,
And with her sing an everlasting song.

A REVERIE

Dedicated to Moody Dawson

WHAT wizardry is thine with viol and bow
Which makes my soul in tonal flights transcend
This mundane sphere! An Ariel, O friend
Art thou, and I a charméd Prospero.
Where mediaeval cloistral tapers glow
I heard the monks at midnight matins blend
Rich voices with the Psalmist's holy trend,
And angel-choirs seemed to leap below.

O happy art! And what a precious gift
Has God entrusted to thy loving care.
And since thy wondrous touch and tones so grand
My soul to Tabor's heights doth well uplift,
I pray, that Christ will bless thy talents rare,
And by them lead thee heavenward with His hand.

REQUIESCAT

With sympathy to Mr. Edward Hussion and daughter

STAY with us, Lord, for night obscures our day,
And we bereft ones need thy Presence bright,
Since she, who radiated heaven's light
For us, is gone; we feel death's dread dismay.
Compassionately Thou (the Scriptures say)
Didst weep o'er Lazarus, and pitied plight
Of stricken sisters. Lift this pall of night!
Thy tender touch our agony allay.
And for thee, cherished wife and mother dear,
May Christ soon lift the Purgatorial veil,
And thus the Vision Beautiful disclose.
Oh, pray that we, awaiting summons drear,
May like thee, in all duties, nothing fail,
And with thee in the Saviour's arms repose.

A PRIEST'S MOTHER

ATHWART the sky dun clouds came drearily:
I saw friends gently lower into earth,
The blessed one who dowered me with birth;
With Christ I seemed in lone Gethsemane,
Who said: This cross of grief, I give to thee.
Of earthly joys, today, how great the dearth!
My faith transforms all sorrows, into mirth,
'Twas hers; she gave Me, thee; give her to Me.

Dear Lord, when I, in Holy Sacrifice,
Thy Precious Blood will shed with mystic knife,
Extinguish with it Purgatory's fire;
Thus aidance give, my mother's soul to rise
From out her prison to eternal life,
To gaze fore'er on Thee, her heart's desire.

GREETINGS TO ST. LOUIS BERTRAND'S CLIENTS

VALENCIA vaunts Saint Louis, (called Bertrand),
Whose disposition gentle, and so sweet,
Endeared him to all souls he chanced to meet.
As novice-master, thirty years this man,
A life of wondrous sanctity began;
And Dominic's sons he sent with souls replete
With virtues rare, fell Satan to defeat.
His eloquence like living-waters ran.

Where waters join the East with Western coast,
Thy labors linked the savage to his Lord;
Whence, Indians and Carobs sing thy praise.
O make thy clients, God's and Dominic's boast;
Their lives from minor change to major chord,
And aid them bide with God "through length of days."

TO AGATHA T. D. KEARNS

A BRIDAL-ROBE I weave, for thee today,
From magic loom of poesy, dear friend;
Its warp is love, its woof is prayer; they blend
With sheen sublime, like Springtime's glad array.
Thus garbed then nigh the altar I shall pray,
That God to thee and thine will aidance lend,
To cherish one another till the end;
And friends and family with me will say:

O may the joys of Cana's feast be thine,
And may the Virgin of her Son request
To change the tears which sorrowing may well
To wine, which flavors of the Master's Vine;
And may He call thee as His favored guest,
With thy dear spouse and Him fore'er to dwell.

"AUF WEIDERSEHEN"

"AUF WEIDERSEHEN!" I will not say
good-bye,
For I, who love the South, where hearts beat
true,
Fond hopes e'er cherish friendships to renew,
Nigh genial hearthstones 'neath its glowing sky.
Perennial roses, palms with fronds so high
And clinging clematis, (ecstatic view!)
Hibiscus, ardent symbol in its hue,
Of Southern hospitality, I sigh
For glimpse of friends and these again. From
North,
Like birds, which fleeing Winter, Southward wing,
Love-pinioned, seeking Southland sunny home,
This message of affection strong goes forth.
God's benison, oh, may it to you bring,
And bless you each until again I come!

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

THE GOLDEN RULE

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.
(Matt. xxii, 39.)

TO love one's neighbor as one's self is hard
For him in whom all greed and selfishness abide;
Whose vision for his brother's faults is wide,
For virtues rare by lens of hate is marred.
His narrow soul exhales no spikenard
Of charity, but rather reeks of pride,
Like Pharisee, who faults himself denied
Of other men. No vessel he, but shard.

To love thy God is first, said Christ, to awe
A doctor of the law who Him did tempt;
And like to this (behold the Golden Rule)
To love thy neighbor as thyself. The law
Thus stands, and from its force is none exempt,
Shall Christians, then cause charity to cool?

MATER DOLOROSA

NIGH Christ, on Calvary, His Mother stood,
Her soul transfixed with sorrow's cruel lance;
She watched His Face to catch His dying glance,
Sublimely silent; thus she clasped the Rood.
Then spake the Christ to the Beloved and good:
"Behold thy Mother, Son." O precious chance!
Since God our love for Her did then enhance,
Whilst Mary thus did win our motherhood.

Like Mary and her Son, Gethsemane
With all its gloom and sorrow may be thine;
Then learn from them, O timid, tired one,
An error 'tis from any cross to flee.
Vocation true will bring thee aid Divine,
To say always with cheer: Thy Will be done!

A FORETASTE

To Emmet Lennon

THE seer of Patmos, with his mystic pen,
Of Paradise has limned an etching fair;
Like him, thy artistry and talents rare
Celestial arras lift for human ken.
My spirit seems entranced; as then, Amen,
To chant of cherubim, (ecstatic air)
I hear; and bursting all the thralls of care,
I pray: O aid me, Lord, eschew the haunts of men!
O may, dear friend, thy wondrous wealth of voice
Speak joy ineffable to men of Him
Who gave thee, undeserving, gift divine.
And may it thus secure for thee, the choice
Of Paradisal joys; and angels limn,
In Book of Life, such gain as will be thine.

A GREETING

MY heart suggests the word, appreciate,
And clothes in sonnet's dignified array
My wishes for you, on your wedding day
In form acrostic. Read and dedicate
Each day, God sends you, in the married state.
Contentment, peace, and happiness, I pray,
Outshine the clouds which come in dun array;
New graces and choice blessings, you, await.

Surrounded by seraphic singing-band
In cadences and harmonies divine,
Declaring joys of God with gladsome ring;
In vesture of a saint, O may you stand!
None heard you but did thoughts to heaven,
incline.
Eternal, then, Hosannas, you will sing.

MUSIC'S VOTARY

VOCATION high, by Providence impressed
In characters, reflecting the Divine;
None other than this wondrous gift is thine,
Consummately in music sweet expressed.
Each song of Erin—land of all the best—
Ne'er found such echoes sweet in heart of mine;
They came like gold, which alchemists refine,
Just like the joys when angels have caressed.

Hibernia's faith—the pearl above all cost
Unsullied, be thy guerdon rich and rare;
Responsive be thy soul to every chord,
Loud ringing e'en when thou art tempest-tost,
Eternal in its tones—All this, my prayer;
Yea, more: heart-dear be thou to thy sweet
Lord.

MOTHER EUTROPIA

An Acrostic on the Anniversary of Her Death

"MY soul doth magnify the Lord," replied
Our Lady, greeting Saint Elizabeth;
The nations all shall sing henceforth till death,
How blest God's Handmaid, for detesting pride.
Eutropia! That name of virtue tried,
Remains a benison for Nazareth,
Entrancing all, like Spring-tide's fragrant breath
Unfolds its blooms, ere Winter's grief has died.
Today, dear mother, we most lovingly
Request of her, the Handmaid of the Lord,
On mercy's errand to thy soul to come.
Propitious then her advent, Lord, let be.
In union with Thy Will may hers accord,
And crown her blessed in Thy Father's Home.

MOTHER EMMANUEL

MAY all the fervent prayers and holy deeds
Of five-and-twenty goodly years of grace,
Today gleam bright before our Father's face.
His providence supply your daily needs.
Each act of love for Christ, Who daily feeds
Repentant souls, your stains of sin efface.
Each hour may you nigh God's resting-place,
Move Dominic, who for you ever pleads.
May all his daughters dear at life's dread close
At right hand of the Holy Shepherd meet;
Not sorrow then, but joy to be your meed,
United with our Catherine and Rose,
Each one reclines at Jesus' holy feet,
Like her who chose the better part indeed.

SAINT JOHN, THE EVANGELIST

To Sister Evangela, O. S. D.

SUBLIMELY sings the Patmos' seer, his rune,
Indicative of that blest land where one
Surcease of pain doth find; and as the sun,
The Lamb of God e'er shines. O wondrous boon!
Each sapphire street with beauteous crystals strewn,
Reflects a pearly gate and golden dun!
Eternal crown by sacrifice is won,
Vidette-Divine will lead to victory, soon.
An evangel be thou in life and love,
No knowledge but of God mayst thou reveal;
Guard well the little hostages of Christ.
Enshrouded in the garb which Dominic wore,
Like him replete, O be thy soul with zeal,
And with thy Spouse in heaven thou'lt keep thy tryst.

THOMAS MOORE

My fame, whatever it is, has been acquired by touching the harp of my country, and is, in fact, no more than the echo of its harp. — From a toast delivered by Thomas Moore, as quoted by the Dublin University Magazine.

OH bard sublime, whose pantheon of song
Brought glory to the land of em'rald sheen,
Thy wondrous magic touch in many a threne
And many a chant, as if from angel-throng
Has swept fair Erin's harp. Can it be wrong
If Celtic sons, of thee, fore'er o'erween!
Like April rains love's dews thy grave shall green.
Thy fame to Innisfail doth well belong.
Of lovers of the muse, thou lead'st the van,
As Prospero, within thy mystic land,
With texture pure thou cloth'st each Ariel;
And e'en as Moses' rod for God's own clan
Drew drink from Horeb's rock, thy magic wand
Of music makes our best emotions well.

BROTHER AND SISTER

MAY she, the Lowly Maid of hallowed fame,
Addressed as "full of grace" by angel fair,
Reveal to you the grace to prize fore'er
Your gift sublime—to bear her sacred name!
Angelic serenade! How sweet it came!
Nor discord—nay, nor dissonance was there,
Despond dismissed by harmony most rare,
My soul I found transformed to holy frame.
In lines acrostic read the treasured names
Consanguined, and for whom by prayer may I,
Hierophant of God, oft exercise
Angelic custody, which best proclaims
Eternal friendship thus. 'Tis ever nigh
Lest Satan, by his wiles, the soul surprise.

PINCHBACK LAKE IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY

DEEP-WIMPLED is thy bosom chaste with waves
O cloistress fair, ensconced by sylvan wall.
Nigh, song-birds bid dread night to lift her pall,
And greet Aurora as she wakes and laves
Her virgin form in purling stream. If slaves
Of toil to thee for sympathy will call,
Perchance thou'lt bid them cast their cares withal
To finny elves, who seek for spoils like knaves.
In truth, upon thy crest, like famed Lethe's
"A melancholy spirit well might win
Oblivion," and seek Endymion.
Yea more, thy crystal depths, like Eunoe's,
Doth me imparadise, and bring akin
Remembrances of divers deeds well done.

IN MEMORY OF
MRS. CATHERINE HARTLEY

Mother of Right Reverend Bishop Hartley

LIKE her who sang "Magnificat" of old,
This lowly soul could boast that Mighty One
Great things to her had done—she bore a son,
A shepherd kind, to govern Christ's own fold.
In rosary of hidden life she told
Eight decades fraught with deeds which merit won,
With yearning for her God her course was run.
Her absence leaves our hearts now bleak and cold.
O lady of the Rosary give ear
To our petitions for the mother's weal,
And, guardian angel, beg for her sweet rest
In home where God shall wipe away each tear.
When we are called, dear Lord, her joys reveal,
Then shall we rise and call the mother blest.

A VALIANT WOMAN

To Mother Perpetua, Mother General of the Sisters of the Holy Cross

MATERNAL is thy every act and deed
Of service done for us, thy Sisters dear.
Thy charity our rugged path doth cheer.
How nigh Gethsemane thy labors lead!
Elan divine in care of souls, thy creed
Repudiating bigotry's cold sneer;
Perpetua! sweet name which knew no fear
Each child of Holy Cross today doth plead:
Remember, Lord, her zeal of fifty years;
Pour in her wearied soul Thy gladsome oil,
Enable her pursue stern duty's ways;
Thy Mother send at death to calm her fears,
Unburthen her from sacrificial toil,
And grant her jubilee through length of days.

SILVER JUBILEE OF ORDINATION

A PRIEST forever like Melchisedech,
Who offered sacrifice of bread and wine;
For this the Christ gave me His grace Divine,
His silver-clouds today the sky doth fleck.
What fruitage may be garnered, oft I reck.
For service—five and twenty years are mine.
With Dominic's array O me align,
Dear Lord, with robe of Aaron without speck.
Te Deum, then dear friends, let us all sing,
And aidance lend this day to give the Lord
His meed of grateful and of gladsome praise.
And for each gift of prayers which you will bring,
Of Jesus will I ask, as your reward,
That you may dwell with Him, "through length of days."

A TOAST

To the Christian Brothers

WHILST countless worldlings insensate
Of pedagogy love to prate—
Who gave the slogan, "educate"?
The learned Sons of de la Salle.

'Twas Angelo who gave a glow
To cheeks of marble; yet I trow
That kindred geniuses enow
Are found in ranks of de la Salle.

Their task is holy—yea, but hard—
What if the vessel should be shard?
Discomfitures they must discard;
So cry the Sons of de la Salle.

For Mother Church, who foster well
The call to priesthood? Angels tell
In joyous notes where they do dwell—
The pious sons of de la Salle.

Who give us doctors with their skill?
Who ranks of jurisprudence fill?
Who send us men of much good will?
The humble sons of de la Salle.

What brings us to this festive board
Where hearts and minds and wills accord?
The wish: That nothing untoward
May come to sons of de la Salle.

THE PLEA OF THE OUTCAST

Dedicated to the Sisters of the Good Shepherd

LIKE lepers, alien to their kin,
And forced to cry unclean,
Oh, take us from these haunts of sin,
With charity us screen
From morbid gaze and sneer and scorn,
From heartless, ribald jest.
Oh, Christ, who was of woman born,
Give ear to our request.

The scarlet hue doth mark our shame
With dreadful, deathlike plight;
'Tis cruel men who fan its flame,
And happiness thus blight.
Thy precious blood, dear Christ, was red,
Its living draught me give;
'Twas for my ilk that it was shed—
A new life let me live.

This gilded glamor swift destroy,
Where men pay sinful toll,
In dalliance make us hellish toy
To scorn of Sinai's scroll.

Oh, place us with those nuns whose creed
  Our souls with love will tax,
Who will not break the bruisèd reed
  Nor quench the smoking flax!

Oh, lift us from the mire of filth
  Where, faltering, we stray;
Where chastity doth carpet tilth,
  Make that our souls' sure way
Oh, give, cold world, just give a mite,
  And help us then to come
Where we may always walk aright,
  In our Good Shepherd's home!

THE SLEEPLESS ONE

RABBONI! In Gethsemane
I see Thee lying prone
Upon the earth, in agony,
And Thou art all alone.
Thy sacred Form with bloody sweat
Alas! is all bedewed.
How could thy chosen ones forget
Thy love, so oft renewed?
Dear Lord, 'tis good I cannot sleep,
For I can with Thee vigil keep.

A PRIEST'S DAILY EXAMEN

THE day is o'er. Was it well spent?
The world replies, yes, yes!
But, Lord! Thou dost reprove my bent
For ease and idleness.

The world applauds and says: Well done!
How insincere its cry!
But Thou, dear Lord, dost know Thy son.
And tearfully Thine eye

Reproaches me, for I am not
As Thou wouldst have me be;
Thy glance discerns the leper spot
Which keeps me far from Thee!

The world commends my daily work
And deems my lot too hard;
But, Lord! how much Thy tasks I shirk;
No vessel mine—but shard.

My prayers, dear Lord, from lips untrue
How scant of holy thought:

My heart with worldliness undue
  Is filled, and oft distraught.

When I at meditation's hour
  Should scale Thy Holy Steep,
Sloth lures me like a lotus-flow'r,
  And, traitor-like, I sleep.

The world proclaims: "A Shepherd this!
  Who well his flock attends."
A hireling, Lord, am I, remiss,
  Who oft betrays Thy friends.

And thus my stewardship, dear Lord,
  Seems always unfulfilled;
Thy Heart and mine do not accord,
  With dread should mine be thrilled!

Have patience with me, dearest Christ
  My soul sustain anew,
That I may keep with Thee my tryst,
  And merits thus ensue.

O make Thy priest a Christ indeed,
  Whose zeal will ne'er relax;
Who will not break the bruisèd reed,
  Nor quench the smoking flax.

O lead me to Gethsemane,
  That I may vigil keep;
And all my guilt let me then see,
  That I may with Thee weep.

And for this grief grant amnesty;
  That when from sleep I wake,
To shores of dread eternity,
  To Heaven, me Christ, then take.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

WASTED YEARS

Too late have I known Thee, O Lord, too late have I loved Thee.—St. Augustine.

JESUS, Lord, my only treasure,
Hearken to a heart contrite;
Grieving sore that sin's false pleasure,
All Thy mercy did requite!

Oh, the trait'rous love I bore Thee
When the siren voice allured!
I Barabbas chose before Thee
And to sin became inured.

Oh, those years! How deep benighted
Seeking solace but to learn
That my soul to be delighted,
For Thee, Lord, alone must yearn.

Oh, the grace that Thou hast lavished
On this ingrate heart of mine,
Till my spirit well-nigh ravished
Loves anew Thy Heart Divine!

Knowledge worldly while acquiring,
  Thy behests did I despise
Till my soul Thy grace inspiring
  Of true learning did apprise.

Feebly, yea, dear Lord and Master,
  Have I labored seeking Thee,
Yet Thy grace will speed me faster,
  Crowning e'er sweet victory!

Jesus, God, and Friend forever,
  Stand beside me in the strife—
Thou who art of life the Giver
  Be my Way, my Truth, my Life.

"THOU ART NEAR, O LORD!"

Suggested by witnessing a paralytic cured through the intercession of St. Vincent Ferrer

HOW nigh to me, dear Lord, Thou art!
How cold my faith, and weak,
How sinful, yea, and base, my heart,
How oft "a sign I seek"!

How nigh to me, dear Lord, Thou art!
How great Thy love for me,
How rich the grace Thou dost impart!
How sweet Thy mercy-plea!

How nigh to me, dear Lord, Thou art!
How soon I Thee forget,
How oft I chose the sinful part,
How brief my soul's regret!

How nigh to me, dear Lord, Thou art!
How much compassion Thine,
How tender is Thy Sacred Heart,
How great Thy power Divine!

How nigh to me, dear Lord, Thou art!
  How much am I appalled,
How contrite is my sinful heart,
  How much with love enthralled!

How nigh to me, dear Lord, Thou art!
  How much for Thee I yearn,
How sweet the task to please Thy Heart,
  How great my boon, eterne!

A CHRISTMAS WISH

To Prof. Walter W. Boutelle

I WOULD that mine were gift and art
  Sublime, akin to thine,
Whose music soothes the aching heart,
  And brings a peace divine,
Which aids from sin to stand apart,
  And yearns for Heaven's confine.

Thy gift is magic! For it bore
  Me swift to Judah's vale,
Where angels in celestial lore
  Proclaimed the wondrous tale,
Of birth of Christ, Eternal Lord
  Within earth's dismal vale.

I heard the message of true peace
  To men whose will is good,
And begged the Christ Child to surcease
  Thy woes of sinful brood,
And make the soul bedight with grace
  To cheer each mournful mood.

Sweet harmonies eterne be thine,
  And may the seraphim,
Reclude for thee the gate divine,
  And bring thee nigh to Him,
The beauty of Whose House sublime
  Thy music helps me limn.

LAMENT OF THE PRODIGAL

O FATHER kind and merciful, Thy prodigal
am I,
Who tempted sore by Satan's wiles to sinful
bourne did hie,
The gay mirage of pleasure vain I've chased
till weary worn,
To find my soul deceived anent its joys. O let
me mourn
For graces lost, for inspirations manifold
abused—
With tears of sincere sorrow make my eyes to be
suffused.

I know my soul is so defiled and so with vice
abounds
That in Thy sight 'tis recked e'en fouler than the
leper's wounds.
No longer am I worthy to be counted 'mong Thy
own!
Anoint with precious blood of Thy Divine
Begotten Son
My sin-afflicted soul. That healed of all its
ills and pain

It may return to Thy domain and ne'er forsake
again.

Content indeed will I then be as menial lowliest
In doing cheerfully, O Sire, Thy every behest—
Nor anxiously will yearn for aught that savors of
earth's sphere,
But longing eagerly to wing me swift from desert
drear
To home celestial bright, where garbed in robes
with wondrous sheen
Of grace Divine, I'll share eternal happiness
serene.

IN MEMORIAM

MARY MacCREAL WYNN

Mother of Rev. D. A. Wynn, O.P., Died February 26, 1912, aged 89 years

A LIFE endowed with wealth of years,
And virtues rare were thine;
Thy wondrous faith dispelled all fears,
And caused the light to shine.

Transfiguring to bliss drear earth,
And made thine own exclaim:
"God bless thee for the gift of birth;
Who taught us God's dear Name!"

And since thou for that Name didst give
A priest for souls to save;
Oh, may thy mem'ry ever live,
Like altar be thy grave,

Where strangers e'en will come to pray;
That He Whom thou didst love,
Thy pains of torment will allay,
And carry thee above.

STILLING THE TEMPEST

Matt. viii, 23–26.

THE soul of the Christian, his journey beginning
On life's fitful sea, is strengthened with grace,
Divine and baptismal. He knows naught of sinning,
And peacefully glides on his pathway apace.
With innocence' bright star, his course then a-steering,
Thrice happy is he an apostle to bide,
In vessel with Jesus, his heart ever cheering,
And fearing no dire, tempestuous tide.

But later, when billows of sin madly leaping
O'er life's fragile craft, of hope all bereft,
Like cravens, we think that the Master is sleeping,
And fear that by rocks our bark will be cleft.
Lord save us, we perish! Hell's fury withstanding,
We're faint, and in maelstrom deep may be drawn,

And Christ, Pilot, Saviour, divinely commanding,
Will say: Peace, be still, and hope's ray will dawn.

O Father, e'er watchful, while we ever tiring
In doing Thy Will, with patience forbear!
Speak peace, O sweet solace, that we now are admiring
Thy Providence kind, may feel naught of fear
On Life's tempest tossing. When seeking our Maker,
O Thou "Whom the winds and the wild waves obey,"
Bid calmness to settle on billow and breaker
And guide us to blissful eternity's quay.

GREETINGS

To Knights of Columbus, Memphis, Tenn.

HOW prodigal, yet beauteous is the greeting,
Fair nature in the Southland gives to June,
Consoling hearts for joys that fast are fleeting,
In making earth a veritable boon!

The crimson roses scent the air like attar,
Magnolia blooms look wistfully above,
Whilst sylvan songsters sweetest notes do scatter,
In caroling their theme that God is love.

With sapphire tints she greets old Sol's awaking,
And scatters pearls of dew on earth's green sod,
In vermeil skies at eventide o'ertaking
One sees the strokes of master-artist, God.

At night with cooling hand she soothes our fretting,
And bids the storm of eerie thoughts subside,

That thus in peaceful sleep sweet dreams be-
getting,
In paradisal bliss may man abide.

Far nobler than fair nature's gift this season,
Is welcome that we send each brother knight,
Who comes to share our fare and feast of reason,
Whose glorious names will knightly rank
bedight.

For fairest florets fade from frost benumbing,
And violets to swift decay will fall;
Sweet song-birds hush their notes to death
succumbing,
And night soon shrouds this orb with direful
pall.

Tonight we gather flowers from land supernal,
Whose beauty knows nor blight, nay, nor decay;
They are perennial blooms of love fraternal,
Whose fragrance cheers our weary souls for
aye.

In knightly hearts is found a light illuming,
Whose brightening rays no shadows e'er bedim,
Revealing love of God for man consuming,
That we may love all men for sake of Him.

A CHILD'S PRAYER

O SACRED Heart! with Love Divine,
Thou cam'st from heaven to earth,
That graces might our hearts entwine,
And grief be changed to mirth.

Thy Sacred Love is never bound
By any tie or place;
None greater than it can be found;
It saved from sin our race.

O Sacred Heart! One of Thy least
In prayer the knee dost bend
To ask Thy blessing for Thy priest,
Who proved himself our friend.

Of our dear pastor, be it told,
He chose the better part:
With Thy strong arm him e'er enfold,
And keep him nigh Thy Heart.

A VIOLIN OBLIGATO

Played by Michael J. McCormack

THE waters drawn from Horeb's rock
By Moses' magic rod,
Refreshed anew God's chosen flock
And brought them faith in God.

To me, as Moses meek thou art
When with thy viol and bow,
Thou strikest deep my weary heart,
And causest tears to flow.

My thoughts to God I then uplift—
And yearning for His sight—
I ask that as you love His gift
So may you see His light.

A NOVEMBER REVERY

IF I should die tonight, dear Lord,
Fain would I say to Thee,
"I bring Thee back, Beloved, Adored,
The talents given me.

"My life, my soul, are all Thine own;
Naught have I that is good
Save grace, Thou gav'st me as loan
Through Thy most Precious Blood."

If I should die tonight, dear Lord,
Then wouldst Thou say of me,
"Because My Heart and thine accord,
I've treasures great for thee;

"Immortal crown shall thy brow bear;
A raiment heavenly
Shall clothe thy precious soul fore'er,
And joys divine thou'lt see!"

"THE IDEAL WOMAN"

Dedicated to the Daughters of Isabella of Court of Our Lady of Victory, No. 234, Houston, Texas

THERE blooms in Sunny Southland of wide fame
A flower indued with vesture snowy white—
Magnolia! Whence fair Houston takes its name—
A precious bud, diffusing much delight.

'Tis strange, but true, of this fair vestal gem
That never is it seen with better grace
Than when it stands, untouched, on parent stem,
And radiates God's beauty in its place.

How like to woman, whom we call ideal,
Who stands aloof from all that reeks of vice;
Whose virtue, strong and sterling as 'tis real,
To judge her worth, sweet vision will suffice.

And so with you who are of royal mien,
By life and faith and then by making choice

Of this, the Court of Isabel, your queen,
Be faithful daughters—thus, ideals you'll voice.

So may our gracious patroness, all fair,
Our Blessed Lady of famed Victory,
Secure for us the gift of grace most rare,
The vision of our God and her to see.

FILIAL LOVE

Written for John B. McCallum

WHEN the tempter is nigh and he foully assails
Thy soul with his delusive snares;
Oh think of thy mother, whose love e'er entails
The duty to shield thee with prayers.

If success thou attain and great name thou dost bear,
Remember that such fruitage fine
Can only be culled from a parent-tree rare,
A mother, whose worth transcends thine.

If strong faith thou wilt keep and sweet virtue preserve,
And the best of example wilt give,
Then the precepts as taught by thy mother observe
And a life fraught with blessings thou'lt live.

If staunch friends thou dost wish to surround thee fore'er,
Then learn the great secret from this:

How thy mother dispelled all thy sorrows and
care,
And gave thee instead all thy bliss.

Is she not all unselfish and ever benign?
How she gave thee her heart's purest gifts;
And a love which is recked as akin to divine
Which heavenward thy soul uplifts!

To thy mother most dear, do thou give then this
joy;
Thy prayer to the Father above;
To grant her great blessings; and her far-dis-
tant boy,
Now sends her this tribute of love!

BETHLEHEM

O BETHLEHEM! Thou House of Bread
Which gavest Him Whom demons dread,
Who hungry souls dost e'er sustain,
Enabling them to live again.

When "Truth meets Mercy" O what bliss,
And justice and Divine peace kiss!
How kind of Thee, Emmanuel,
With lowly ones of earth to dwell.

O Prince of Peace, this Christmas-tide
In troubled souls do Thou abide,
So when the night of death is near,
Divine effulgence will appear.

IN MEMORIAM

Dedicated to the family of Rev. J. T. Keelty, O.P.

THE silver-bells of jubilee
Their gladsome notes scarce sang
When minor echo drearily
A "De profundis" rang.

For he, dear Lord, whom Thou didst love
As Lazarus of old,
Has winged his flight to realms above.
How lone our hearts and cold!

I am the Resurrection and
The Life—(My word doth cheer);
The strong of faith shall rise and stand
With me and brother dear.

No mourning in that blessed home,
Nor parting from our own;
Fulfil your stewardship and come—
And reap what you have sown.

MEMPHIS, TENNESS

O Holy Father Dominic—
For brother intercede,
Beg Christ our saddened souls to quick,
And Heaven be our meed.

DE PROFUNDIS

IN far off Sinsinawa's vale,
This floret wild and simple grew—
God's acre with its holy pale
Revealed to me its modest hue.

'Twas God Who planted there that bloom
Upon the grave of a holy one
Who chose the Christ for her Bridegroom
That of her He might say, Well done!

Among the serried crosses there
I found the name Evangela—
A "De Profundis":—such my prayer
When lo! with eyes suffused, I saw

This modest flower. Ah! I thought
How kind of thee to blossom here,
To mark a sod which sad I sought
That earthly home of a tenant dear!

Oh, magic bloom which can convey
E'en though thy petals now are sere,

My heart's best love so far away
To the place where sleeps my sister dear.

Like Wizard-wand Thou conjur'st up
The form of my sweet one long gone!
And as I drain Gethsemane's cup
I hear a strain, "Thy Will be done."

Be with me when I timid grow
O tender, holy, loving wraith,
And I in exile here below
Will pray e'en to my latest breath,

That thou, whose was that loving name,
Of tidings good Evangela,
Mayst have for meed thy Christ proclaim
That thou will be His Spouse for aye.

A PASTOR'S APPRECIATION

DEDICATED TO MRS. CARY ANDERSON

TO thee, a gift sublime is given,
A voice of sweet accord,
A voice that heralds bliss of heaven—
The vision of the Lord!

'Tis mine the call divine to preach
With consecrated voice
The word of God and e'er to teach
Weak man the heavenly choice.

If my words reach a brother's heart—
As thy notes oft touch mine—
Then will he seek the better part,
Which leads to life divine.

O may your spouse and children dear
Be blest a thousand fold!
Such is my sacrificial prayer—
And thine the joys untold.

And may I hear in heaven, anew
  Thy voice sing "Kyrie,"
And may the Lamb of God renew
  Thy joys divine for aye.

RABBONI

RABBONI! When Thou callest me,
Shall vigil-lamp burn bright
With grace, bestowed most lavishly
To guide me through death's night?

Or shall I fail to keep it filled
With oil of saintly deed,
And taper, quench, of faith instilled
By winds of worldly creed?

In me on whom Thou didst bestow
The Apostolic call,
How fervidly should that flame glow!
Dread thoughts my soul appall.

Oh, if Thou callest suddenly
Thine aidance give me then,
To go not unprepared to Thee,
But like poor Magdalen,

Through all the mists and clouds of death,
Thy voice my soul to cheer;
Then shall I cry with bated breath,
O Thou, Rabboni dear!

WOMAN, WHY WEEPEST THOU?

Suggested by two pictures of Magdalene in Vienna Gallery

'TWAS Easter-dawn. Jerusalem
Still slept, her ire well-nigh consumed.
Three women came and brought with them
Rich ointments for the Christ entombed.

O woman's love! Thy soul its fane
In which the lamp perpetual burns;
Rich gold of joy from dross of pain
Thy noble heart fore'er returns.

And one was Magdalene, who laved
The Master's feet in Simon's hall;
Whence He declared that she was saved,
Because her love surpassed them all.

Her beauteous orbs (so soft a snare)
Were now suffused with tears of grief;
For He her own Beloved lay there:
Ah, who could now afford relief?

Of all the Magdalene was first
To reach the sacred tomb, for she
Had been for days with soul athirst,
Her Christ, the comely One, to see.

She looked and found—Ah great her fear!
That He was gone, and heard instead:
"He is arisen, He is not here;
'Tis Easter morn as He has said."

If hope deferred begetteth pain!
O weary hours—O sad ordeal!
(And then to find it all in vain)
O Magdalene, thy grief we feel!

Like parent bird that finds its nest
Robbed of its fledglings,—Magdalene,
With soul distraught renews her quest
To find where they have taken Him.

And lo, her ears a voice doth greet!
"Why weepest thou, O woman?" "They
Have stolen from me Christ so sweet;
O tell me where, I pray—I pray."

A weeping woman! Where were they
Who swore their sacred tryst to keep,

A woman, she the sinner, yea—
With love akin to ocean deep.

In years agone, a Voice had called
That sinner back from death to life,
It comfort gave when oft appalled
And helped her in the awful strife.

How sweet the sound of a mother's voice,
It needs no effort to recall.
With greatest joy should we rejoice,
On hearing His who is our All.

And so when Christ endearing called;
"Dear Mary!" Ah, that Voice—'tis His!
Rabboni dear! Death's unenthralled!
Thy Sacred Feet Oh, let me kiss!

"O touch me not!" The Master cried,
"Not now, but then thou shalt; for I
Have given thee a faith so tried,
Thy meed shall be eternity."

O Magdalene, of evils wrought
The primal was of woman's sin:
An evangel of graces brought
Thy name is now a synonym.

No darkest night from thee we learn
  But hath its day. No sin but hath
Its pardon, for the souls who turn
  To God, who smoothes the thorny path!

AN HOUR WITH THE IMMORTALS

To Mrs. J. B. McCallum

ONE eventide, a magic spell
Stole o'er my soul, a power
The tumults of my soul did quell
Ah! holy seemed that hour!

My childhood hours of all the best,
Came rushing gleefully—
With a mother's kiss was I caressed—
O blissful reverie!

The cares which oft my soul did crush
Were, for the nonce, forgot;
Like Moses nigh the burning bush
I stood in holy spot.

Deep from my soul, devotion's tears
So comforting, did well!
I yearned for the eternal years,
Entrancing was the spell.

Like angel chants, a harmony
With joy my soul did fill,
Like Paul was I from earth then free,
Divine the theme and thrill.

From dear Beethoven's treasury
Thou gavest me, dear friend,
A gift like that eternity
Whose joys will never end.

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

My delights are to be with the children of men.
—Prov. viii, 31.

WHEN weary, sad with dearth of grace
And burdened low with sin,
Come nigh the Master's dwelling-place,
And hear His voice within;
The balm of peace, O insensate,
Is not of earth's alloy—
If sought within Mine altar gate,
'Twill bring eternal joy.

Give ear, my son: "For Me to dwell
In humble souls of Mine
Is My delight." No tongue can tell
In banquet so divine
The countless treasures given thee,
"Then taste and judge how sweet
Is My celestial food"—and see
Thy soul with grace replete.

A SOUL'S DERELICTION

'TWAS evening. My heart with desolation riven wide
Through trackless desert weary groped throughout a cheerless day,
The burning dunes of cruel cares were silted high. Beside
Simoon of fitful passions smote me oft. My soul to stay
I fain did strive, my lips bedewed with fervent prayer to keep,
And for the nonce didst sigh for rosy mists of graces deep.
Like Agar for her Ishmael I cried, "O God, do spare
My soul from thirst's dread death—O give it drink!" Distressed
I knelt near altar-gate and heard His voice Divine declare:
"O doubting heart, arise, my son, and rest here on My breast."

"Hast thou not read in Holy Writ, (where oft My love is proved)

'To old age e'en I am the same and thee I'll carry e'er
To thy grey hairs. 'Tis thee I've made and I will bear, beloved,
And I will carry tenderly and thee will save.'"* O share
The living waters I will give and in thee shall become
A fount of water springing up to life e'erlasting.† Come,
Then, timid one, and quaff celestial draughts divinely sweet.
Abide 'neath shades of Him for Whom thou hast always desire,‡
Nor seek allurements treacherous in earthly vain conceit,
And thus shalt thou be loved and crowned by Heaven's Eternal Sire.

* Isaias xlvi, 4. † John iv, 14. ‡ Canticle ii, 3.

HOSPITALITY

For Mr. J. J. Condon and family

'TIS told of one Zacheus small,
In page of Holy Book,
That as there passed the Lord of all,
Through eagerness to look

Upon the Holy One sublime
A tree of sycamore,
Which graced his path, he swift did climb
And saw Christ pass before.

When lo! the Master to him cried,
"Zacheus, son, descend,
For I would in thy house abide,
And make of thee a friend."

Zacheus came, and to his home
He brought his Holy Guest;
Whose Presence in it did become
A source of gifts the best.

"And for the hospitality
  Which thou hast shown the Lord,
Salvation now has come to thee;"
  So spake the Holy Word.

Oh! mayst thou and all of thine,
  E'en to the very least,
Be blest with grace and gifts divine,
  Who welcomed Christ's own priest.

And may the presence of that priest
  Within thy home so dear,
Be sweet as Eucharistic Feast
  And bring thee each good cheer.

And when the hour of death draws near,
  O may God's priest attend
To each, and from each soul dread fear
  Dispel, as dearest friend.

And e'en as Christ, the Great High Priest,
  Zacheus thus did bless;
This prayer ascends from lowly priest:
  "Divine be thy caress."

LINES

Indited to the first-born of Mr. and Mrs. James F. Doonan,
(Grace Keon)

CHERUBIC in thy tender grace
O precious gift, just given,
Thy advent, like the angel face
Reveals the light of Heaven.

I think of our Emmanuel,
Who came from Heaven to earth
That He might with us ever dwell,
And thus relieve our dearth.

In Bethlehem and Nazareth,
The Baby Christ fast grew,
Whose mission was to conquer death
And Satan's wiles undo.

"All things, by Him were e'er well done:"
O Wallace, blossom fair,
May Christ of thee a precious son
Proclaim of His fore'er!

SERMONS IN FLOWERS

SERMONS IN FLOWERS

A ROSE

I PLUCKED a rosebud one drear day,
Enwrapped with tear and thorn;
It burst to bloom sublime as may
From gloom be joyance born.
Thus, said the rose, soul, radiate
Within thy brother's sphere,
That fragrance which will consecrate
His aching heart with cheer.

A POND-LILY

WITH vesture white, like chastity,
And coronet of queen,
A lily spread its sanctity,
Atop a fen obscene.
How like to me, it whispered low,
Should noble woman be;
And grace the spot, where'er she grow,
With bloom of purity.

THE VIOLET

A VIOLET nursed a foundling tear,
Which heaven had wept for sin.
An angel saw and drawing near,
Made floret royal kin.
Each mother's heart is full of tears,
Her children's are but brief,
Madonna-like, she walks through years
Empurpled in her grief.

THE POPPY

ONE day I saw a field aglow
With fire of poppy bloom;
And soon I saw its ashes blow
And stalks stood staid in gloom.
Nirvana, vice, may first diffuse,
One whiff exhilarates;
Then conscience smites with Titan thews,
And peace swift dissipates.

THE LICHEN

LIKE tasseled fringe, each tree and bough
With lichen is bedight;
Which marks miasma and the slough,
And deed of parasite,
Which, green of hope, to grey doth dye;
Like alchemy of hate,
Of slanderer, whose tongue doth lie,
That he his maw may sate.

JUBILEE VERSES

A JUBILEE SONNET

Mother M. Pauline, O.S.D., Galveston, Texas

MIRACULOUSLY did the Master feed,
On loaves and fishes few the mighty throng;
Today we sing in jubilee's glad song,
How myriads of children thou indeed,
Each year of twenty-five to Christ didst lead.
Refreshing them, and weaklings making strong;
Most kindly, with thy daughters, righting wrong.
Pauline! Strong synonym of zeal, thy creed,
Amidst the gems in Dominic's rich crown,
United with our Catherine and Rose,
Like glistening stars, may all thy virtues shine.
In cloak of Mary Agnes, who looks down,
Nigh Blessed Mother may'st thou at life's close
Enraptured stand. God's welcome then be thine.

A SILVER WEDDING

Dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Glenny

TWO decades and a half of years, you've told,
In matrimony's rosary. Today
The sky, reflecting sadness in its grey,
To silver turns, in blessings manifold.
Life's mysteries will teach, that they behold
Mount Tabor's light who walk in sorrow's way.
So tell your beads, when low'ring clouds dismay,
Then will the heavens quickly shimmer gold.
God bless your silver anniversary,
And give your children each vocation high,
And in your hearts, make faith, like sunlight, shine!
May He invite you to His jubilee,
With Mary and the saints and loved ones nigh,
To share the joys of the repast Divine.

A NOTABLE MILESTONE

Dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Skelly on 36th Anniversary of their Wedding

THE milestones number thirty-six today,
Since first your lives were linked by marriage tie,
Whose clouds and sunshine tinge, in turn, each sky,
And trials and blessings both have strewn your way.
The flower and fruitage of your call display
Such harvests as will with'ring blight defy.
With loving offspring loyal friends now vie
To make this day most blest, and so, I pray:
O may the Christ, Who, at the wedding-board
Of Cana, set on marriage holy seal,
By changing waters into richest wine,
Of all your wedlock-years, make golden hoard!
When wedding-chimes your requiem shall peal,
May God then change your tears to joys Divine.

A GOLDEN ROSARY OF YEARS

An Acrostic Appreciation

FULL five the decade of thy priestly years
Are counted in thy retrospective gaze.
The joys that crown thy happy length of days
Have oft been irised through the mist of tears.
Each decade, told by thee, meant trials and fears
Resembling Christ in dark Gethsemane's ways;
Perhaps with soul bereft, so dense the haze
Of pain; till cheered by Him Who ever hears,
"Well done!" thou faithful priest and zealous son!
Each soul which thou hast ransomed from fell sin
Repeats today before the Throne August:
Stretch forth Thine Arm, Divine and Holy One
O'er him who helped us Life eterne begin:
Proclaim him, as of Thine, a Son most just.

A ROSARY OF HOLY YEARS

Golden Jubilee of the Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate Word, Galveston, Texas

A ROSARY of holy years
Told in the Master's field,
The harvest sown 'mid smiles and tears,
Today gives golden yield.
What valiant women all are they
Whose hearts with love are stirred
And courage find to fight the fray
For the Incarnate Word.

To orphaned babes a mother's kiss
They give, and dry their tears,
The aged find in them that bliss
Which banishes their fears.
Like angels in Gethsemane,
The sick they nurse and cheer,
And teach those suffering to see
That God holds them most dear.

In fifty years the mustard seed
Has grown to wondrous tree,

Which humble toil and noble deed
  Developed holily.
The harvest now is wondrous, great,
  The laborers too few,
Incarnate Word, recruits create;
  And zeal and zest renew.

Who sow in tears, shall reap in joy,
  (What sweeter sound is heard?)
Give happiness without alloy,
  O Thou Incarnate Word!
And on this golden jubilee
  To each Thy grace impart,
To garner sheaves eternally—
  In Thy dear Sacred Heart.

SISTER MARY ESTHER

A STEWARDSHIP of blessed years
Marks twenty-five today!
The vista looks through gleam of tears
Like rainbow proves faith's ray.

Full five and twenty years of toil
(All short when spent for Christ!)
Today they find thee pouring oil
On God's own sick. Blest tryst!

Dim clouds hung o'er Gethsemane,
Where Christ in pain did pine,
An angel kissed Him tenderly,
And made the light to shine.

To care for the incurable
'Tis truly task Divine!
Like Angel in Christ's agony,
Joy follows wake of thine.

Thy namesake didst of old entrance
Her king with beauty rare.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS
MEMPHIS, TENN.

O may thy jubilee enhance
  Thy soul and make it fair!

And may the King of kings condone
  Whate'er of frailty lie
With words "This law, for thee, alone
  Exempts from penalty."

A NUN'S JUBILEE

TWO decades and a half of years
In holy, cloistral cell,
The retrospect through smiles and tears
Suggests the Cenacle,
Where God the Holy Paraclete,
Came down in tongues of fire,
To help the work of Christ, complete
Apostles to inspire.

How striking the coincidence,
That thou shouldst bear the name
Of Holy Ghost! Divine the sense
Which made of thee a flame,
Enthusing thy community,
Until by ceaseless prayer,
They won that holy unity
Which proves that Christ is there.

Come Holy Ghost to Dominic's fold
And grant that we may see,
With silver years and merit, gold
Eternal jubilee.

A JUBILEE WISH

Sister M. Sophia

A GOLDEN rosary of blessed years,
In God's loved service thou hast gladly told;
Some decades full of joys, but more, of tears—
The lot of all who enter Christ's own fold.

For fifty years a child of Holy Cross!
(How short that time since it was spent for God!)
Your gold today is purged from earthly dross
And passport gains to path where saints have trod.

Devotedness, thy Sisters predicate
Of thee. Thy talents thou didst e'er improve.
The sick, the young, the orphan, all relate
How wide thou mad'st the province of God's love.

Thy name suggests that precious, holy gift
Of wisdom. May the Holy Spirit dear,
Thy fervent soul to Heavenly heights uplift
And say: O virgin wise now enter here.

A GOLDEN ROUND OF YEARS

To Sister M. Regina

A GOLDEN milestone marks the path today
Which you have trod in God's own fold,
Whence blessings richest shall your soul array,
And gladsome tidings shall be told.

Thou gavest fifty years to Holy Cross!
It seemed but as a day—with Christ!
God's love made soft the stony path, like moss,
And faithfully you've kept your tryst.

The nuns, the sick, thy friends all predicate
Of you this cherished charity:
The kindness rare you always radiate
In words and deed done cheerfully.

O may our Queen Immaculate, whose name
You bear so well, on this her feast,
This favor gain: May Christ proclaim
You, as His own, e'en though the least.

GOLDEN YEARS

Sister Catherine Brown, O.S.D., St. Mary's of the Springs, Columbus, O.

O GOLDEN rosary of years,
What predilection thine!
Each decade full of smiles and tears,
As is the call divine.

With lowly Maid of Nazareth,
Magnificat now sing;
And thus give praise with purest breath,
To Christ, thy Spouse and King.

Thy blessed patroness indeed,
Christ's stigmata enjoyed;
O may thy soul receive like meed,
And treasure unalloyed.

On this, thy Pentecost, dear friend,
May wisdom uncreate,
With all His gifts on thee descend,
And all thy yearnings sate.

St. Mary's be thy Cenacle
  Illumed with Holy Fire,
Whose warmth will ever thee impel
  To seek thy heart's Desire.

SOUVENIR OF GOLDEN JUBILEE

Sister Josepha, O.S.D.

A GOLDEN sheaf of years is thine,
Which grew in Dominic's own field;
'Twas nurtured by the Hand Divine,
And plenteous is its holy yield.

For fifty years thou garnered'st well;
(How short is time when spent for God!)
Thy love of Christ did thee impel,
To walk the paths where saints have trod.

Like Joseph, thou wert near to Christ,
And close to Mary, Mother fair;
Today reveals thy holy tryst,
Well kept, and worthy of vocation rare.

Thy patron's name doth mean "increase";
May it be such, and pledge for thee,
Of sorrow here, a quick surcease,
And share with Christ, His jubilee.

GIFTS TO CHRIST

To a Good-Shepherd Nun on Her Silver Jubilee

POOR Magdalen, to Master brought
  Love's spikenard and tears;
And thou a life with fruitage fraught,
  For five and twenty years.

The thorny crown thou dost uplift
  From Head of Christ, whilst thou,
From precious years didst weave a gift
  To wreathe His Sacred Brow.

The silver coin which thou didst earn
  Did not thy Christ betray,
But rather made thy heart to yearn
  The debt of thanks to pay.

Like Spouse of Christ thou e'er beside
  The Holy Rood didst stand
Where oft thy soul was crucified,
  By duty's stern demand.

O may these silver strands be spun
To cloth of purest gold
Which, when thy course at last is run
May then thy soul enfold.

SISTER M. MONICA, O.S.D.

A SILVER strand of holy years
Has formed, since she whose name,
Akin to hers: the saint of tears!
A bride of Christ's became.

Saint Monica, for years had trod
Gethsemane's rough way:
But sorrow drew her nigh to God,
Who watched her weep and pray.

And thus, at length, by prayers and tears
From Satan's wiles she won
A soul to God—(O prayerful years!)
Augustine, her dear son.

Our sainted jubilarian,
As did her patroness
In tribulation and in pain
Found holiest duress.

In cloister's saintly vineyard
The wine-press oft she trod;

With soul as generous as toward
And strongest faith in God.

Oh, may Christ say of her: "Well done,"
For this deed writ in gold;
Augustines two, your prayers have won
For Dominic's holy fold.

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE CONVENT

of

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

Columbus, Ohio

A GOLDEN arras, matchless in design,
You deftly wove in fifty blessed years;
Its warp is charity of hue divine,
Its woof is sacrifice and sorrow's tears.

'Tis fit to hang in halls of heaven's home,
Where Christ, the Shepherd-King is now enthroned,
Where welcoming He bids all come,
For whom He has all guilt condoned.

Most faithful spouses of the Shepherd kind,
Who came to seek and save the souls once lost,
Who shelter gave them from sin's biting wind,
And to Him steered their bark, when tempest-tost.

Your spirit was of Christ, the gentle Lord,
Who did not break the bruisèd reed, nor quench
The smoking flax. By cheering deed and word,
You won these souls, though reeking of sin's stench.

The sower, sowing patiently his seed,
The harvest burgeoning with joy awaits
What you have garnered, by each blessed deed,
Your angel, leads you to the heavenly gates.

And pointing to the fields of golden wheat:
Behold! he says: your sowing and the yield,
The souls of penitents and Magdalenes, who greet
You, in your Shepherd's harvest-field.

LINES ON PHOTOGRAPHS
TO FRIENDS

AN ACROSTIC

Written on Photo for Will McCadden

WHERE Love makes home a sacred fane,
I pray thee this suspend,
Like lamp, which tells of altar-main,
Lo here abides a friend.

MY PHOTOGRAPHER

WHEN David brought Goliath down with
tiny stone and sling,
We read the tale and said indeed he did a wondrous thing,
But when a giant huge like me is carried on a card
And that by feminine petite, was David's feat so hard?
Now if you are a Didymus and proofs for this you seek,
Behold them on the other side what verity they speak.

A PENTECOSTAL PRAYER

LIKE rose, whose scent and hue doth blend,
To grace our life's lone way;
O may this picture blessing send
And make yours glad array.

'Twill speak of counsel and of prayer,
Most lavishly bestowed,
By priest who asked the Christ to share
Your cross on Calvary's road.

INSPIRATION

THE gift of holy faith is thine—
(That pearl above all cost)
Trim well its lamp that it may shine
For thee when tempest tossed.
Let it be thine and mine to praise
That proof of faith's reward.
May love for it bring length of days,
The vision of the Lord.

TO A MUSICIAN

KYRIE, Thy gracious blessings, give to her
whose art
Angel harmonies of greeting gave to Heaven's
Queen.
Thou, O Jesus, kindly keep her nigh Thy Sacred
Heart
Ever; sainted be her soul to shine with wondrous
sheen.

ON A PHOTOGRAPH

FOR the efforts to please
With thy skill on the keys
My gratitude thus I indite.

May the judgment's decrees
Thy dear Lord well please,
And His Glory Divine be thy light.

TO MRS. JAMES TACKETT

A PANOPLY thy temperament
Thy art, a magic shield,
Thy camera, an implement—
Which Joan of Arc might wield.

Unawed by any armament—
To thee the strongest yield—
A trophy from the tournament!
Could better be revealed.

TO MARIE MURPHY

FOR all the holy inspiration
You have given with your art,
Accept this humble demonstration
Of a grateful Soggarth's heart.
Akin to lovely St. Cecilia
And the host of angel choirs,
At judgment may the Christ reveal you,
He to sate your heart's desires.

TO DOCTOR J. HINES AND FAMILY

Atlanta, Ga.

WHENE'ER my consecrated hands
Are lifted up on high,
In Holy Sacrifice' demands,
I'll pray that God be nigh
To thee and thine.
And when Life's end
To each of you must come,
O may that Christ then be a friend,
And bring thee each to home.

A WEDDING WISH

WHAT can I write, or better say,
In this sweet book of prayer?
No better wish, than this I pray,
That God will for thee care
Each day, and make with joy thy way
Resplendent as thy wedding day.

Devotedness was ever thine.
O may it still abide!
No clouds but God's own sunshine,
And joys whate'er betide.
Lo, see the things for thee I ask
Divine and pleasing, such the task.

A PRIEST'S WISH

WE often weep for what is lost
(May no like fate be yours)
Your faith—the pearl above all cost,
Be that which e'er endures.

And when the veil of life is rent,
And things eterne you see,
O may your souls enjoy content,
Your God your joy to be.

A WISH

For John B. McCallum

WITH much appreciation,
And more of admiration,
And none of adulation,
This photograph is given.
May the spiritual relation,
That elicits the donation,
Find best realization,
In our blessed home, dear Heaven.

TO MR. AND MRS. JOHN P. CONNOR

WHEN asked by Mary at the Feast,
Christ changed the waters into wine;
So may these medals of your priest,
Make trivial things divine.
And may this silver-wedding day
Be followed by a golden ray.

TO MR. AND MRS. F. G. ALTMAN AND FAMILY

O HEAVENLY FATHER through the Name
Of Jesus dear, Thy only Son—
On judgment day do Thou proclaim
Of each of these the words, "well done."

GOD'S BENISON

To John McTiernan, Atlanta, Ga.

"O SALUTARIS HOSTIA!" How passionate that plea!
It threw a glamor o'er my soul, and in my reverie,
I saw the Master as of old subdue the troubled sea,
"Da robur fer auxilium"—Do Thou, O Christ, for me.

Like Seraph's voice, who holy sing, incessantly on high,
Thy notes rang out in melody like heartfelt threnody.
O may that gracious Lord Who once for us through love did die,
"Donet in patria, Amen," to thee and thine reply.

A SOGGARTH'S PRAYER

For James McCaffrey

MAY no sin distress thee
Nor evil oppress thee
Nor sadness possess thee
And bright be thy way.
May angels caress thee,
And God's Mother bless thee,
And Jesus confess thee—
The Soggarth will pray.

AT BENEDICTION

"O SALUTARIS Hostia"
Thy voice with angel's skill
Sang sweet. The Christ methought I saw
When He said, "Peace be still."

Peace came. O God how long the strife!
"Da robur" was thy threne;
I looked and saw the Bread of Life,
Strength came from the Unseen.

"Qui vitam sine termino"—
My soul, how great thine awe!
O bless that voice—best gifts bestow
"Donet in patria."

THE END